

## DAIRY AND POULTRY.

### INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

**I**T MAY not be amiss to suggest to inexperienced butter-makers that they will save themselves a good deal of trouble, loss of time and damage to the butter if they will bear in mind a few simple rules that apply with

more force in cold weather than warm, says V. M. Couch in American Dairyman. The temperature of the cream for churning is a matter of the first importance. What the exact churning temperature should be can be determined by experiment, for the condition of the cream varies on different farms, owing to the kind of cows, the way they are fed and the method of setting the milk and keeping and ripening the cream, but a temperature of about 62 degrees will come nearer, I believe, to suiting most cases than any other. It is safe to begin at that temperature and, if not satisfactory, raise or lower it at succeeding churnings until the proper degree is reached. For instance, should the churning at 62 degrees take too long a time and the butter when it comes is off-color and inclined to be crumbly, at the next churning try a temperature of 64 or 66 degrees, according to circumstances. When if the butter comes too soon and is soft, a lower temperature should be tried. Cream should not be allowed to freeze, but if only one churning a week be made, it should be kept cool enough to keep it from souring till the day before it is churned, when if not slightly acid, it should be set in a room warm enough so that it will become so in twenty-four hours. The cream should be well stirred every time a fresh skimming is

added, or twice a day. When putting the cream in the churn, strain it through a cloth strainer. This will remove all specks that would mar the appearance of the butter, including bits of curd that may have formed and hardened in the cream, and which, if allowed to go into the churn, would show as white specks in the butter. If granulated butter is made—which is the best and most proper way—and it comes too hard or too soft, work it with water warmed or cooled to suit the case. If the butter is to be salted with brine, use water warmed or cooled to suit the case. If the butter is to be salted with brine, use water warmed or cooled to suit the case. If the butter is to be salted with brine, use water warmed or cooled to suit the case.

**Winter Poultry Notes.**  
How Much Room?—More room is required in the poultry house in winter than in summer because during the warm season the fowls can go outside, only requiring sufficient room for roosting, but in winter they need room for scratching when the snow is on the ground. It is the space on the floor that is required and not on the roost, for when a hen fixes herself on the roost she will be quiet until morning; but during the day she should be kept busy. Ten fowls in a poultry house ten feet square (making 100 square feet) are sufficient, but most persons endeavor to double and even treble that number, and the consequence is that they feed too many fowls in proportion to the number of hens they keep. (The Farmers' Review doubts the correctness of the statement, and believes that far less room is required.)

**Frozen Food.**—All food that has been moistened will freeze and become useless when the weather is cold. When the food is placed in the trough it should be rather too little than too much, and should be given warm. As soon as the hens have eaten, all the food left over should be removed and the trough cleaned. If they have not had enough a little wheat or corn may be scattered in litter for them to scratch. If they eat partially frozen

### Helps Hog Cholera Along.

I have known hog cholera germs to be conveyed four miles on the wind, alight in a filthy hog pen and finally destroy all the hogs in it, while hogs in clean pens near by escaped, says an exchange. There is a great disparity of opinion as to what filth is. Generally it emits a disagreeable scent. A stinking swill barrel or hog trough is not cleanliness, nor is a bad smelling hoggren. "Hogging down" corn, especially when the weather is warm, is not a clean proceeding. A hog may eat part of an ear of corn, leave solid droppings on the remainder to fester in the hot sun, cholera bacteria alight upon it and breed, and then another hog comes along and finishes the ear, disease germs and all. "Hogs following cattle"—well, this is dangerous ground. So many practice it and believe in it that if I should condemn it all the Toms, Dicks and Harrys from Oklahoma to Ohio would "follow" me with the precipitancy of a man running down stairs pursued by a kitchen stove, and perhaps, for safety, compelling me hastily to seek the shortest way to the tallest timber. So I will let that pass and say nothing about it. Anything that weakens a hog's system makes him more receptive of cholera microbes. In this category can be named too close inbreeding, breeding from immature animals and wrong feeding, as an all corn diet for young animals, stinking slops, impure drinking water, nesting in cold, damp places and other errors in feeding and care. Disease bacteria and cleanliness are antagonistic, and the farmer who will flourish if envied by the latter, with this one exception, that there has been a profuse production of the former in some near-by fountain of filth.

### Poultry and Egg Prices.

A noteworthy feature in the egg trade in Chicago during the ended year was the phenomenally low prices realized. The greatest production of eggs, or the beginning of the egg season proper, which usually occurs in March and April, took place much earlier in 1896, and eggs fell to 12½ cents a dozen in the month of January, and during the spring the capacities of the several cold-storage houses were taxed to accommodate the eggs stored. Prices

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### A SHATTERED FAITH LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: "And Some Are Broken Pieces from the Ship"—Acts, Chapter XLVII, Verse 44.—Saving the Wrecked on Life's Tempestuous Sea.

**N**EVER off Goodwin Sands, or Cape Hatteras, was a ship in worse predicament than, in the Mediterranean hurricane, was the grain ship on which two hundred and seventy-six passengers were driven on the coast of Malta, five miles from the metropolis of that island, called Clitta Vecchia. After a two-weeks' tempest, when the ship was entirely disabled, and captain and crew had become completely demoralized, an old missionary took command of the vessel. He was small, crooked-backed and sore-eyed, according to tradition. It was Paul, the only unscarred man aboard. He was no more afraid of a Euroclydon tossing the Mediterranean sea, now up to the gates of heaven and now sinking it to the gates of hell, than he was afraid of a kitten playing with a string. He ordered them all down to take their rations, first asking for them a blessing. Then he insured all their lives, telling them they would be rescued, and, so far from losing their heads, they would not lose so much of their hair as you could cut off with one elick of the scissors: nay, not a thread of it, whether it were gray with age or golden with youth. "There shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you."

Knowing that they can never get to the desired port, they make the sea on the fourteenth night black with overthrown cargo, so that when the ship strikes it will not strike so heavily. At daybreak they saw a creek, and in their exigency resolved to make for it. And so they cut the cables, took in the two paddles they had on those old boats, and hoisted the mainsail so that they might come with such force as to be driven high up on the beach by some fortunate billow. There she goes—tumbling toward the rocks, now prow foremost, now stern foremost, now rolling over to the starboard, now over to the larboard, now a wave dashes clear over the deck, and it seems as if the old craft has gone forever. But up she comes again. Paul's arms around a mast, he cries: "All is well, God has given me all those that sail with me." Crash! went the prow, with such force that it broke off the mast. Crash! went the timbers, till the seas rushed through from side to side of the vessel. She parts amidships, and into a thousand fragments the vessel goes, and into the waves two hundred and seventy-six immortals are precipitated. Some of them had been brought up on the seashore, and had learned to swim and with their chins just above the waves and by the strokes of both arms and propulsion of both feet, they put out for the beach, and reach it. But alas for those others! They have never learned to swim, or they were wounded by the falling of the mast, or the nervous shock was too great for them. And others had been weakened by long sea-sickness.

Oh, what will become of them? "Take that piece of a rudder," says Paul to one. "Take that fragment of a spar," says Paul to another. "Take that image of Castor and Pollux," "Take that plank from the lifeboat," "Take anything, and head for the beach." What a struggle for life in the breakers! Oh, the merciless waters, how they sweep over the heads of men, women and children! Hold on there! Almost ashore; keep up your courage. Remember what Paul told you. There, the receding wave on the beach leaves in the sand a whole family. There crawls up out of the surf the centurion. There, another plank comes in, with a life clinging fast to it. There, another piece of the shattered vessel, with its freightage of an immortal soul. They must by this time all be saved. Yes; there comes in last of all, for he had been overseeing the rest, the old missionary, who wrings the water from his gray beard and cries out: "Thank God, all are here!"

I believe in both the Heidelberg and Westminster Catechisms, and I wish you all did; but you may believe in nothing they contain except the one idea, that Christ came to save sinners, and that you are one of them, and you are instantly rescued. If you can come in on the grand old ship, I would rather have you get aboard, but if you can only find a piece of wood as long as the human body, or a piece as wide as the outspread human arms, and either of them is a piece of the cross, come in on that piece. Tens of thousands of people are today kept out of the kingdom of God because they cannot believe anything.

I am talking with a man thoughtful about his soul who has lately traveled through New England and passed the night at Andover. He says to me: "I cannot believe that in this life the destiny is irrevocably fixed; I think there will be another opportunity of repentance after death." I say to him: "My brother, what has that to do with you? Don't you realize that the man who waits for another chance after death when he has a good chance before death is a stark fool? Had not you better take the plank that is thrown to you now and head for shore, rather than wait for a plank that may be invisible hands be thrown to you after you are dead? Do as you please, but as for myself, with pardon for all my sins offered me now, and all the joys of time and eternity offered me now, I instantly take them, rather than

run the risk of such other chance as wise men think they can peel off or twist out of a Scripture passage that has for all the Christian centuries been interpreted another way." You say: "I do not like Princeton theology, or New Haven theology, or Andover theology." I do not ask you on board either of these great men-of-war, their portholes filled with the great sieges of ecclesiastical battle. But I do ask you to take the one plank of the Gospel that you do believe in and strike out for the pearl-strung beach of heaven.

Says some other man: "I would attend to religion if I was quite sure about the doctrine of election and free agency, but that mixes me all up." Those things used to bother me, but I have no more perplexity about them; for I say to myself: "If I love Christ and live a good, honest, useful life, I am elected to be saved; and if I do not love Christ, and live a bad life, I will be damned, and all the theological seminaries of the universe cannot make it any different." I floundered along while in the sea of sin and doubt, and it was as rough as the Mediterranean on the fourteenth night, when they threw the grain overboard, but I saw there was mercy for a sinner, and that plank I took, and I have been warming myself by the bright fire on the shore ever since.

While I am talking to another man about his soul he tells me: "I do not become a Christian because I do not believe there is any hell at all." Ah! don't you? Do all the people of all beliefs and no belief at all, of good morals and bad morals go straight to a happy heaven? Do the holy and the debauched have the same destination? At midnight, in a hallway, the owner of a house and a burglar meet; they both fire, and both are wounded, but the burglar dies in five minutes and the owner of the house lives a week after; will the burglar be at the gate of heaven, waiting, when the house-owner comes in? Will the debauchee and the libertine go right in among the families of heaven? I wonder if Herod is playing on the banks of the river of life with the children he massacred: I wonder if Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth are up there shooting at a mark. I do not now controvert it, although I must say that for such a miserable heaven I have no admiration. But the Bible does not say: "Believe in perdition and be saved." Because all are saved, according to your theory, that ought not to keep you from loving and serving Christ. Do not refuse to come ashore because all the others, according to your theory, are going to get ashore. You may have a different theory about chemistry, about astronomy, about the atmosphere from that which others adopt, but you are not, therefore, hindered from action. Because your theory of light is different from others, do not refuse to open your eyes. Because your theory of air is different you do not refuse to breathe. Because your theory about the stellar system is different, you do not refuse to acknowledge the north star. Why should the fact that your theological theories are different hinder you from acting upon what you know? If you have not a whole ship fastened in the theological drydocks to bring you to wharfare, you have at least a plank. "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

"But I don't believe in revivals!" Then go to your room, and all alone, with your door locked, give your heart to God, and join some church where the thermometer never gets higher than fifty in the shade.

"But I do not believe in baptism!" Come in without it and settle that matter afterward. "But there are so many inconsistent Christians!" Then come in and show them by a good example how professors should act. "But I don't believe in the Old Testament!" Then come in on the New. "But I don't like the Book of Romans." Then come in to Christ, whom you admit to be the Savior of the lost, because you cannot admit other things, you are like a man out there in that Mediterranean tempest, and tossed in the Melita breakers, refusing to come ashore until he can mend the pieces of the broken ship. I hear him say: "I won't go in on any of these planks until I know in what part of the ship they belong. When I can get the windlass in the right place, and the sails set, and that keel-piece where it belongs, and that floor-timber right, and these ropes untangled, I will go ashore. I am an old sailor, and know all about ships for forty years, and as soon as I can get the vessel afloat in good shape I will come in." A man drifting by on a piece of wood overhears him and says: "You will drown before you get that ship reconstructed. Better do as I am doing. I know nothing about ships, and never saw one before I came on board this, and I cannot swim a stroke, but I am going ashore on this shivered timber." The man in the offing, while trying to mend his ship goes down. The man who trusted to the plank is saved. O my brother, let your smashed-up system of theology go to the bottom, while you come in on a splintered spar! "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

You may get all your difficulties settled as Garibaldi, the magnetic Italian, got his glands made. When the war between Austria and Sardinia broke out he was living at Caprea, a very rough and uncultivated island home. But he went forth with his sword to achieve the liberation of Naples and Sicily, and gave nine million people free government, under Victor Emmanuel. Garibaldi, after being absent two years from Caprea, returned, and when he approached it, he found that his home had, by Victor Emmanuel, as a surprise, been Edenized. Trimmed shrubbery had taken the place of thorny thickets, gardens the place of barrenness, and the old rookery in which he once lived had given

way to a pictured mansion. And I tell you if you will come and enlist under the banner of our Victor Emmanuel, and follow him through thick and thin, and fight his battles, and endure his sacrifices, you will find after awhile that he has changed your heart from a jungle of thorny scepticisms into a garden all abloom with luxuriant joy that you have never dreamt of. From a tangled Caprea of sadness into a paradise of God.

I do not know how your theological system went to pieces. It may be that your parents started you with only one plank, and you believe little or nothing. Or they may have been too rigid and severe in religious discipline, and cracked you over the head with a psalm book. It may be that some partner in business who was a member of an evangelical church played on you a trick that disgusted you with religion. It may be that you have associates who have talked against Christianity in your presence until you are "all at sea," and you dwell more on things that you do not believe than on things you do believe. You are in one respect like Lord Nelson, when a signal was lifted that he wished to disregard, and he put his sea-glass to his blind eye and said: "I really do not see the signal." Oh, my hearer, put this field-glass of the Gospel no longer to your blind eye, and say, I cannot see, but put it to your other eye, the eye of faith, and you will see Christ, and he is all you need to see.

If you can believe nothing else, you certainly believe in vicarious suffering, for you see it almost every day in some shape. The steamship Knickerbocker, of the Cromwell line, running between New Orleans and New York, was in great storms, and the captain and crew saw the schooner Mary D. Cranmer, of Philadelphia, in distress. The weather cold, the waves mountain high, the first officer of the steamship, and four men put out in a lifeboat to save the crew of the schooner, and reached the vessel and towed it out of danger, the wind shifting so that the schooner was saved. But the five men of the steamship coming back, their boat capsized, yet righted again and came on, the sailors coated with ice. The boat capsized again, and three times upset and was righted, and a line thrown the poor fellows, but their hands were frozen so they could not grasp it, and a great wave rolled over them, and they went down, never to rise again till the sea gives up its dead. Appreciate that heroism and self-sacrifice of the brave fellows all who can, and can we not appreciate the Christ who put out into a more biting cold and into a more overwhelming surge, to bring us out of infinite peril into everlasting safety? The wave of human hate rolled over him from one side and the wave of hellish fury rolled over him on the other side. Oh, the thickness of the night and the thunder of his tempest into which Christ plunged for our rescue!

You admit you are all broken up, one decade of your life gone by, two decades, three decades, four decades, a half-century, perhaps three-quarters of a century gone. The hour hand and the minute hand of your clock of life are almost parallel, and soon it will be twelve and your day ended. Clear discouraged are you? I admit it is a sad thing to give all our lives that are worth anything to sin and the devil, and then at last make God a present of a first-rate corpse. But the past you cannot recover. Get on board that old ship you never will. Have you only one more year left, one more month, one more week, one more day, one more hour—come in on that. Perhaps if you get to heaven God may let you go out on some great mission to some other world, where you can somewhat atone for your lack of service in this.

From many a deathbed I have seen the hands thrown up in deprecation something like this: "My life has been wasted. I had good mental faculties and fine social position and great opportunity, but through worldliness and neglect all has gone to waste save these few remaining hours. I now accept of Christ and shall enter heaven through his mercy; but alas, alas! that when I might have entered the haven of eternal rest with a full cargo, and been greeted by the waving hands of a multitude in whose salvation I had borne a blessed part, I must confess I now enter the harbor of heaven on broken pieces of the ship."

**The Porcupine's Quills.**  
The current opinion that a porcupine throws its quills at an enemy is not supported by facts, says the Portland Oregonian. The spines of the porcupine are very loosely attached to the body and are very sharp—as sharp as a needle. At almost the slightest touch they penetrate the nose of a dog or the clothing or flesh of a person touching the porcupine, and stick there, coming away from the animal without any pull being required. The facility in catching hold with one end and letting go with the other has sometimes caused people to think that the spines had been thrown at them. The outer end of the spines, for some distance down, is covered with small barbs. These barbs cause a spine once imbedded in a living animal to keep working farther in with every movement of the muscles.

**Theory About Quinine.**  
It is claimed that the tree from the bark of which quinine is obtained furnishes no quinine except in malarial regions. If the tree is planted in a malarial district it will produce quinine; if it is planted in a non-malarial district it will not produce quinine. It is, therefore, inferred that quinine is a malarial poison, drawn from the soil and stored up in the bark of this tree.

The devil has an iron collar on every man who thinks more of the saloon than he does of his home.



HOME SCENES ON WESTERN FARMS: "I WONDER WHO MENDS FOR TEDDY."

Photograph Copyrighted 1896. L. D. Well.—From the Illustrated American.

added, or twice a day. When putting the cream in the churn, strain it through a cloth strainer. This will remove all specks that would mar the appearance of the butter, including bits of curd that may have formed and hardened in the cream, and which, if allowed to go into the churn, would show as white specks in the butter. If granulated butter is made—which is the best and most proper way—and it comes too hard or too soft, work it with water warmed or cooled to suit the case. If the butter is to be salted with brine, use water warmed or cooled to suit the case. If the butter is to be salted with brine, use water warmed or cooled to suit the case. If the butter is to be salted with brine, use water warmed or cooled to suit the case.

**Treatment of Milk Fever.**  
A correspondent of Hoad's Dairyman, B. W. Gregory, Sullivan Co., N. Y., claims to have been successful in the treatment of milk fever with cows. For the benefit of our dairymen we give his formula as follows:

The formula that was adopted was to give ½ pound salt-petre on first discovery of the fever (which is always known by drying up of the flow of milk and prostration) and in two hours, twenty-five drops of aconite; in two hours more, if not relieved (do not try to get the cow up but let her be quiet until she gets up herself), repeat with ¼ pound of salt-petre and then in two hours with twenty drops of aconite. Alternate the above ¼ pound salt-petre and 20 drops

food the hens will be chilled and will not lay.

**Winter Expenses.**—The profits will not be large if the expenses are not kept down. The loss from useless males, hens that do not lay, and chicks that make no growth sometimes balances the profits produced by the profitable hens. There will be some good hens in all flocks, and they give large profits for the entire year, but the expenses due to keeping fowls that produce nothing lead the inexperienced to attach the fault to the whole, the good as well as the inferior: when the best course is to dispose of all but the ones that are paying for the shelter and food bestowed.

**Bowel Disease and Chicks.**—The principal cause of loss of chicks in winter is bowel disease, which is generally attributed to the kind of food used, but which is due, as a rule, to lack of warmth. Chicks are very susceptible to changes of temperature, and especially during damp days. A brooder should be kept at 95 degrees and the brooder house at 75 degrees, so as to prevent the chicks from being chilled at any time, for should a young chick become chilled bowel disease at once sets in and the chick soon dies.—Mirror and Farmer.

One hundred and forty-six thousand, five hundred and ninety-nine tons of wool were exported from Argentina from Oct. 1, 1895, to May 1, 1896.

Put no faith in the moral nature of rats.

have been low, but dealers in this product have had a fairly successful year, and, though all the cold-storage eggs have not been disposed of, Chicago enters the new year with 50,000 cases of eggs less than were carried over one year ago. The supply of poultry has been smaller, proportionately than in past years. It is estimated that the crop of turkeys was one-third less than in 1895.

Below are average prices for the year for eggs and poultry:

Eggs.	Poultry.
Doz.	Doz.
January .....	15% 8
February .....	11% 8½
March .....	9% 9
April .....	9% 8½
May .....	9% 8½
June .....	9% 8
July .....	9% 8½
August .....	11% 8
September .....	13% 7½
October .....	16% 7
November .....	19% 6½
December .....	19% 6

**Fluctuation in Value of Hogs.**—The values of no other kind of stock seem to rise and fall as rapidly as those of hogs. It has only been a few years since hog prices were away above those for anything else. For the past six months prices have been comparatively lower for hogs than for any other kind of live stock. Present values can not last long if prices for other farm products appreciate. The business man will put hogs on his list for next year's crop if he is figuring on profits.—Bx.